



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1882.

NUMBER 269.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SLATES, PENCILS, PENS, INKS, EXERCISE, AND COPY BOOKS, SATCHELS.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

A PRESENT Given to every child at
J. C. PECOR & CO.'S.

J. C. Kackley & Co.

—Dealers in—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats Caps and Clothing.

Goods always what they are recommended to be. Main Street, Germantown, Ky.

T. LOWRY,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY

CROCERIES,

Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, Queensware, Woodenware, Glassware, Notions, &c. Highest price paid for Country Produce. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Cor. Fourth and Plum Streets,

ap12lyd MAYSVILLE, KY.

Oysters! Oysters!

LARGE AND FRESH,

RECEIVED DAILY,

slldlm at JOHN WHEELER'S,

PAUL D. ANDERSON,

DENTIST.

No. 21 Market St., nearly opp. Central Hotel,

Office Open at all Hours. MAYSVILLE, KY
m y13ly.d.

BRIDAL PRESENTS

—AT—

HERMANN LANGE'S

Jewelry Store,

No. 43, Second Street, 3 doors West of Market.
aug8ldly

JOHN WHEELER

Headquarters for all kinds of Confectionery Fruits, Canned Goods, etc.

Fresh Stock and Low Prices.

Come and see me if you want to save money.

NEW DOMESTIC PATTERNS

—AT—

Hunt & Doyle's.

WALKER'S BOTTLED BEER

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

For sale by the Case, Dozen or Bottle, at

LOUIS ROSE'S.

au04'm Market Street.

NOTICE.

ON account of my continued ill health, I have concluded, as soon as practicable, to retire from the dry goods trade, I now offer my entire stock for sale to any merchant wishing to engage in the business, and will from the 1st day of July sell my goods FOR CASH, until disposed of, which will enable me to offer to the retail trade some special bargains.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle at once, as I am anxious to square my books. Respectfully,
ap1ldly H. G. SMOOT.

T. H. N. SMITH.

DENTIST.

COURT STREET, - MAYSVILLE, KY.

Gas used in the extraction of teeth. dl
JAS. H. SALLEE, CLARENCE L. SALLEE,

SALLEE & SALLEE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

A general law practice in all the courts.

THIRD STREET, near Court House,
sept6ldmwy MAYSVILLE, KY.

NOTICE.

WE are now receiving the most elegant assortment of BUGGIES, PHETONS and CARRIAGES ever brought to the city of Mayville.
MYALL & RILEY.
au2ldly No. 7 Second, and 18 Sutton Sts.

JACOB LINN,

Four Doors Below the Postoffice

—HAS OPENED HIS—

ICE CREAM PARLORS.

Ice Cream for sale by the gallon or half gallon. Wedding Parties furnished on short notice.
my29

REOPENED.

MRS. M. W. COULTER has reopened the HILL HOUSE and is prepared to furnish board by the day or week. Meals furnished to transient customers at any hour during the day.
my156m

F. L. TRAYSER,

PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing. n17

TEAS!! TEAS!!

I HAVE a full supply of the best GUNPOWDER TEA in the market. Give me a trial
my9lyd GEO. H. HEISER.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

PERSONS in need of a good Piano or Organ will find it to their advantage to call on the undersigned, No. 34, Market street, agent for L. H. Baldwin & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, where they will find all the standard makes, such as Steinway, Decker Bros., Haines Bros., Pianos, Estey and Shoninger at very reasonable prices. sept5ldm F. F. GERBRICH.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF—

NEW YORK.

CAPITAL, \$4,500,000.

GEO. W. ROGERS, agent, office at Wheatly & Co.'s, Market St., below Second. (1136m)

T. J. CURLEY,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter

dealer in Bath Tubs, Hydrant Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipe, Globe, Angle and Check Valves, Rubber Hose and Sewer Pipe. All work warranted and done when promised. Second streets opposite White & Ort's. ap3

The Hungarian Plains.

At first the plains softly undulating are dimpled here and there with shady hollows; while like golden islands in an ocean of vivid green lie long stretches of yellow colza and ripening corn. On the gently rising upland yonder a dark round speck appears against the sunlit sky; gradually it elongates, and we hear a voice singing in a quivering treble some national idyl. It is a husbandman emerging from the hollow and trudging homeward along the crest of the undulation. Then all is silence and solitude once more, till coming to a standstill at one of the primitive wells by the roadside, we hear the distant rumble of a wagon as its wheels grind heavily along, the driver of it singing, as it goes, a melancholy ditty in the minor key. Then one by one the villages and solitary farms lying on the horizon die away, and we enter the boundless plains. How lonely we feel, and what tiny atoms of creation, with no objects to measure ourselves by save birds of prey, and the white clouds sailing far up in the great, blue, glorious sky! Our carriage, though imposing only in the matter of size, proved very comfortable, its ponderous hood shielding us from the heat of the sun, save where, taking mean advantage of weak places in its constitution, it shot fiery arrows in upon us, scarcely less piercing than those that pour down upon the head of the traveler in the desert. The sun reflects itself in the white and dusty road. Above the soil on either side there is a flickering motion of the air like the haze from a lime-kiln. Everything is hot and dusty; not an insect is seen hovering about the low bushes which now and then skirt our pathway. All nature is taking its siesta in the dreamy noontide, and nothing is awake but the scarlet pimpernel that with wide-open, unblinking eye looks straight up at the blazing sun. We now come to a marshy district, where a lonely heron is contemplating its lovely image in a small still pool, and then away we go again —out into the broad purple patches of newly upturned soil, bands of emerald corn, and speckled streaks of tobacco, with its large red and green leaves, and on through cool labyrinths of maize, till we come to vast tracts of uncultivated land, where wild horses with flying manes go scampering across its surface with the natural grace of untamed things. As day advances and the shadows of the clouds begin to lengthen across the plains, a breeze springs up and plays about us softly, rustling the large white, surplice-like sleeves of the driver's garment, but not sufficiently strong to stir his black and flowing locks, which, weighted with some unctuous matter, rest calmly on his shoulders. Our nearest town is Veszprim, but at the pace we are at present going we are scarcely likely to reach it before night-fall, if then. But what does it matter, when we have the whole of to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after that, aye, and our whole lives, to do the distance in if necessary? How delightful to enjoy for once the true feeling of rest in this world of hurry-scurry, where we are but too often compelled to live at high pressure! Let, oh! let us for once take life easily under the broad and peaceful canopy of heaven, and reduce the dolce far niente to a science.—*From Magyarland.*

—A literary man writes to the London Spectator that he can get more exercise, and with less fatigue, by an hour's tricycling than by three hours' walking. There is an exhilaration about it, he says, which can only be compared to that of riding a good horse. By abandoning cigars and taking up tricycling he has entirely cured bilious headaches.

The "Smartness" of Worms and Fish.

"I have made some of my most interesting studies of nature in the morning," said Seth Green. "That is the time to see the insects at their best—to see the mud wasps stinging the spiders without killing them, and packing them away where they are kept alive for weeks to be used when needed. I have seen a small green worm hanging down on a web. An ant, stationed on the limb above, pulls up the web, and just as the worm comes in reach of his tiny claws, down drops Mr. Worm. The ant pulls up again and again, and worm lets out another reef and goes down. This sort of thing continues until finally the ant grapples the worm and both go down together in a grand scramble, in which the worm manages to shake off the ant. This leaves the worm on the ground. His web is so strong that it is still fastened to the limb above. What does Mr. Ant do? Give it up? No, sir. I have seen him go up the trunk of that tree, crawl out onto the same limb, and go to work again pulling up the same web. Then after another battle, I have known the ant to get the better of the fight and lug the worm off to his hole, three rods away.

"Why, talk about reasoning powers! The perseverance and instinct of these little creatures is wonderful. People go out to fish. They splash around, stand up in their boat, drop their lines three feet away, and wonder because they don't catch trout. They forget that trout can see. Fish learn that tackle and fish are, as a rule, local in their habitation. There are not as many gypsies among fish as among men. Any man who will take the pains to study fish—or who will remember a tithe of what he reads about them—can catch them. They are smart, but our brains will beat them. I remember once of fishing for salmon trout for a long time and taking nothing. Finally I concluded to get down and look into the water, and so, throwing my coat over my head, I got the required shade and peered down. The salmon would sail up and look at the minnow. Then, with a quick dart, he would close his teeth round one-half the minnow and open them again like a flash. He did not attempt to eat the minnow, and half of the severed body would drop to the bottom. When it had fallen to the bed of the lake the salmon would go down leisurely and eat it. The next time when I dropped my hook and felt the quick bite of the trout I let out enough line to send the hook to the bottom, and the result was that when the salmon went down for his meal he was fooled and I had him."

—*Utica (N. Y.) Observer*

Canned Corn.

There are over sixty corn-canning establishments in the State of Maine, and the number of cans of corn annually put up is nearly twelve millions. The farmers are paid about 3 cents per can for the corn, the tin and solder costs about 3 cents, and the remaining 4 or 5 cents goes to the manufacturer for putting up and marketing. The cans hold about twenty-six ounces of corn, and farmers are able to grow from 1,000 to 3,000 cans per acre, the average being not far from 1,500 cans, of a cash value of \$45. There are several factories in Medway and Franklin, Mass., and others further south, but Maine puts up about one-third of the corn in this country.

—A Western young man aged 18 has eloped with a married woman of three-score years. This aesthetic craze for antiquities is becoming altogether too general and threatens to cause trouble.